



## LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

(Concluded.)

THE body of the Marchioness was opened. None of the wounds had occasioned her death, which was solely owing to the effects of the poison. It had burned the intestine, and even the brain was turned black. Nature who had adorned her with all the charms of beauty, had moulded every part of her person in such perfect proportion, that she possessed a vigorous constitution and excellent health. With such an enviable organization, she struggled for nineteen days against the strongest of poisons, and during this conflict, nature seemed to have rendered her masterpiece still more fascinating. Never had the Marchioness looked so beautiful, never had she a more blooming colour, more sparkling eyes, and a smoother or firmer voice.

Madame de Rossan, as heiress to her daughter, took possession of the property left by the Marchioness, and instituted proceedings against her murderers, in whose number she included the Marquis. He was removed to the goal of

Toulouse, where M. de Catelan repeatedly examined him, and on one occasion for eleven successive hours. All the judges were convinced that the Marquis was guilty, but they did not think it right to doom a person to death on presumptive evidence only.

On the 21st of August, 1667, the parliament of Toulouse pronounced sentence. The Abbe and the Chevalier du Gange were condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel; the Marquis was stripped of the privileges of nobility; his property was confiscated to the King's use, and himself exiled from the kingdom for ever. Perrette was sentenced to the galleys for life.

The priest died in chains on his way to the galleys. The King gave to the Count du Gange the forfeited estates of his brother, and the Count presented them to his nephew, the son of the Marchioness, as soon as he arrived at years of discretion. The Marquis kept himself concealed for some days after his condemnation, and at length found means to ingratiate himself with M. de Beville, Intendant of Languedoc, a declared en-

emy of the Hugonots, by rigidly enforcing the attendance of the new converts at mass, and denouncing such as absented themselves. The protection of the Intendant procured him more liberty, and he lived openly at the family seat of Gange, which now belonged to his son, through the generosity of his uncle.

This son was a captain in a regiment of dragoons, and his personal good qualities and the excellence of his heart had made people forget that he was a son of the abandoned Marquis. He was universally beloved and esteemed, and in the *dragonades* (as they were denominated) of the wretched Hugonots, and in which his regiment was obliged to take part, distinguished himself by many noble and generous traits of compassion. He married the rich and beautiful daughter of the Baron de Moissac, one of the new converts. He left his young wife at Gange with his father, to whose protection he most tenderly commended her, and rejoined his regiment.

Scarcely had he departed when the Marquis drove out of the house the maid belonging to his daughter-in-law (a person to whom the latter was extremely attached, and who had been with her from her infancy), upon the pretext of her being a new convert. The young lady now found herself quite alone with her odious father-in-law, in a mansion where he was obeyed as a master. She trembled when she

was obliged to dine with him, *tete-a-tete*, in the same apartment where the mother of her husband had ended her life in such a shocking manner. Her honor and apprehension increased to the highest pitch when her father-in-law assumed the character of a passionate lover. Duty and inclination equally forbade her to listen to his base proposals; but her situation was extremely critical, and from the example of her unfortunate mother-in-law, most alarming. It would have been of no use to alledge the necessity of a journey, as a pretext for getting away; the Marquis would not have suffered her to depart; and she durst not write to her father, or her own relations, because they were new converts, and the Marquis opened all letters addressed to such persons. She had, therefore, no way left but to apply to her husband, because there was no pretence for opening letters to him, as he and his family had always been Catholics. No sooner did the Captain receive his wife's letter, than he was terrified at the dangerous situation in which she was placed; he mounted his horse, hastened to Versailles, threw himself at the feet of the King, and implored him to make his father comply with the sentence of exile passed upon him by the parliament of Toulouse.

Louis XIV. was not a little astonished to hear that the Marquis had broken his exile. He instant-



ly ordered a new trial to be instituted against him, if he should be apprehended in the kingdom.—His brother, the Count du Gange, who happened to be just then at court, learning what was going forward, took post and hurried to Gange, to advise the Marquis to make as speedy a retreat as possible from that place, and to take refuge at Avignon, in the Papal territory. From that time he disappeared, and it is not known what became of him afterwards.

With respect to the two other murderers, the Chevalier repaired to Venice, and entered into the service of that republic. He was sent to Candia, during the famous siege of that island by the Turks and a report was propagated, that he was soon after killed by a bomb. From that moment, however, nobody could give the least account of him, so that it is more than probable he fell on this occasion.

The Abbe retired to Viane, in Holland, which at that time belonged to the Count de la Lippe. He formed an acquaintance with a gentleman, who introduced him to the Count as a French refugee, of the name of La Martelliere. The Count who discovered in the stranger, much genius, a cultivated mind, and extensive erudition, especially in the department of the *belles lettres*, entrusted him with the education of his son, then nine years of age. The talents of the tutor, seconded by the natural en-

dowments of the pupil, soon made him one of the most accomplished youths. The pretended La Martellier gained the confidence of the Count and Countess to such a degree, that they did nothing in their family without his advice, and that he at length became the soul of this little estate. Some French refugees, who were desirous of establishing themselves at Viane, applied to M. la Martellier, and requested his powerful mediation; but the Abbe, fearing that such an establishment might ultimately lead to his discovery, prevailed upon the Count to refuse them his permission. His consequence at length increased so far, that he flattered himself he might even aspire to the hand of a young and amiable lady, a distant relation of the Countess, of whom he was enamoured, and by whom his love was warmly returned.

The Countess spoke with her young relative respecting this passion, and told her, that though she had a great regard for M. la Martelliere, she never would give her consent to so unequal a match. "He is a worthy man, to be sure," added she, "but an adventurer, without name or rank, and whose origin cannot confer any great honor upon him, otherwise we should have known it long ago." The young lady repeated every word to her lover, and when the Abbe perceived that his condition was the only obstacle that was opposed to his love, he resolved, however

painful the confession might be, to disclose his real name. He flattered himself that the great respect which for so many years he had enjoyed in that family, would diminish the horror of his crime, and even cause it to be buried in oblivion.

He requested an interview with the Countess, threw himself at her feet, and after he had in vain attempted every other method of moving her, he concluded with these words:—"I will venture to acknowledge to you my real name, in order to convince you that my birth does not make me unworthy of an alliance with Mademoiselle de ——. You see before you the Abbe du Gange, whose name and deeds, are, alas! but too well known, and of whom I have often heard you speak yourself."—"What!" exclaimed the Countess, with a loud shriek, and recoiling with horror, "are you the execrable Abbe du Gange! Great God! what a monster have we cherished in our bosom; and into what hands have we entrusted our child! Methinks I still see those hands reeking with the blood of the murdered Marchioness! The young Count, who had been listening at the door, in expectation of an opportunity for seconding the request of his tutor, hearing his mother's vehement exclamations, and apprehensive that things had taken an unfavorable turn, went in. The only favour he could obtain was, that the Abbe should not

be instantly thrown into prison.— He received orders to leave Viane immediately, and was enjoined, under the severest penalties, never to appear again in the presence of the Count and Countess.

The Abbe proceeded to Amsterdam, where he followed the profession of a teacher of languages. The young lady to whom he was attached, sought him out and married him. The young Count secretly supplied him with money; his good conduct and his talents gained him an appointment in the ecclesiastical consistory, and he died respected and in good repute.

---

#### THE VICES OF FASHION.

##### *A Short History.*

ABOUT the latter end of November, Thomas L——, Esq. repaired to the metropolis with his lady, from Berkshire. Every one who knows Mr. L——, knows that he is the head of an ancient family, and that his fortune was equal to his birth. His wife was one of those young ladies whom one meets with in every country town in the kingdom; who have seen neither the world, nor particular good company, farther than at a visit to the neighbouring squire's or at the monthly assembly of the neighbouring borough. Nursed from her infancy in the bosom of innocence and retreat, it was easy for her to abstain from vice which she never saw; and, like millions



of her sex, she was virtuous only because she had not an opportunity to be vicious.

Exactly such was her character when she arrived in town with her husband. The family, the fortune, the connections of Mr. L—, entitled her to share the pleasures of what is called *polite life*; and he told her so. She took him at his word. She entered the circle of pleasure, and soon mixed with the *beau mond*. The scene was novel, and that was sufficient to make it agreeable. Her new friends were pleased with her, and she was in raptures with them. In short, so expert an adept was Mrs. L—, in the mysteries of polite revelry, that before the end of two months she arrived at what is called, at the west end of the town, the head of the *bon ton*—she was admitted, with the most flattering familiarity, to the Duchess of ———'s rout. She was now seated at what she considered the summit of human happiness.

Let us now look back for a moment, at the once loved scenes they left in Berkshire—the high reverend castle, fenced round with oaks of three centuries growth: arching arbours, the extensive park; and the majestic river, silently winding its mazy course; let us look at these, and compare—Oh! horrid, horrid thought!—But we must not anticipate.

Once more then we are in the capital. Mrs. L— now moved in the circle of life, not only with

ease, but with grace; she sauntered through the drawing-room, she languished in the opera box, and she was deep in the secret at C—'s she attended the first winter masquerade at Carlisle house, and was dressed as a Sultana. It was here she got acquainted with the wretch K—. He was a wretch indeed, and under the specious mask of fashion and honor, robbed her of virtue and peace of mind.

But the catastrophe was behind. Mr. L— was not blind to his wife's behaviour. He saw that she detested her own house, and from that easily concluded she detested him. His honour was roused by the new manners she had adopted, and he resolved to watch her. On the evening of the masquerade we have beforementioned, he pretended to set out for Drury Lane theatre; instead of which, he went to a warehouse, buried his shape and features in the habit of a waggoner and followed his wife to the masquerade. He marked her all the night. There was much to be seen, and he saw all, even to the last moment; and, the instant their coach drove off, which conveyed her to a scene of greater infamy, he leaped into another, and directed the coachman to follow their track. In short, he alighted soon after them, near Mrs. F's door, and had but too much cause to be convinced of his disgrace.

To finish the story, the gallant was seized, but suffered to escape the punishment due to his crime.

on condition of his never appearing in England again; Mr. L----- carried his wife down next morning to Berkshire, where she must wash away the follies and crimes of three short months by a long repentance and many tears---companions which will never forsake her till they lead her to the grave.

*Fashion*, thou dear, licentious, heedless, motley demon! how various are thy shapes! how wide is thy empire!

That secret charm is thine, to lead the million captive, to mould us into monsters, or to change us into fools!--Man is thine and woman too---the world is thine----from the rosy youth up to the lean and slippered pantaloon. The little love-eyed girl, her bosom beating for she knows not what, her young heart fluttering she knows not why, leaps from her nurse's arms into thine. The ancient coquette and withered lady of sixty, braiding her hoary locks, and smoothing her wrinkled brow, quits at once her crape and her Creator, and kneels at thy shrine. Nor least, though last, that taper, thin, two-legged bagatelle---that soft-faced, soft-hearted thing, with a great head, and nothing in it, thy well-beloved Macaroni: for thee he dances, dresses, ogles, limps; for thee he trips on tiptoe, limps like a sempstress, skips upon carpets, and ambles round ladies' knees; for thee he quits his manhood, and is that amphibious, despicable thing that

we see him. Great is thy empire, O FASHION! and great is thy mischief; for thou leadest thy votaries astray---thou leadest them to adultery and tears.

M. P. M.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

MR. WHITELEY,

Most enquiring minds seem to be desirous of being acquainted with past events, a knowledge of which is often instructive and amusing. Indeed, to history must be attributed, in a great degree, the improvements of which the present age can boast. But though history furnishes us with much useful information, many particulars relative to manners, customs, and their origin, are unrecorded, and of course buried in oblivion.

American history, in consequence of the time of its commencement, and the circumstances that preceded and accompanied the colonization of America, and the revolution, is more luminous and particular than that of any other nation; but many particulars relative to the history of the United States, are, no doubt, lost; and it is probable many more will pass unrecorded. However, those circumstances, the knowledge of which will be most beneficial to posterity, will, most probably, be recorded for the use and amusement of generations yet unborn.



Most of the rivers and lakes in America retain their Indian names. There are however, some exceptions, the Thames in Connecticut, Hudson river in New-York, and the East river or Sound, the Delaware, and perhaps some others, which I do not recollect. I should be gratified, and perhaps it would please the readers of the MISCELLANY generally, to be informed, by means of some of your correspondents, of the Indian names of Hudson River and the Sound, accompanied with an English translation.

During a journey I once made to Albany, and thence up the Mohawk River, I made some enquiries concerning the names of some of the towns and villages, that are of Indian origin, with a view to obtain the English. I was successful only in a few instances. From the little information I obtained, I suppose that the Indian names of places generally, have reference to some local circumstance, and are more appropriate, than the names given to places by Europeans and their descendants.

I was informed that SING SING, the name of a village on the East bank of Hudson river, in English is *Wide Wide* or *very Wide*. The river opposite this village, and for some distance below and above, is five miles wide, and is much wider than in any other part. The Dutch call it Tappan Bay. POUGHKEEPSIE, the name of another village, or town rather, on the East side

of the river, signifies *deep water*. The river here is deep, and I believe free from shoals.

SCHENECTADY, the name of a city on the margin of the Mohawk river, Englishified, is *through the pine woods*. The distance between Albany, on the west bank of the Hudson, and Schenectady, is sixteen miles, and was formerly covered with pine trees, many of which are still standing.

CANAJOHARY, situated on the south side of Mohawk river above Schenectady in English is, *the ninth hill*, ascending the Mohawk from Schenectady.

ENQUIRER.

---

"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

---

Those persons who enter into long printed justifications before the public, appear to me like a dog yelping after a post-chaise.

---

Those persons who are addicted to self-love, continually persuade themselves that others are either admiring or envying them; they are like thieves who perpetually believe they are pointed at.

CHARACTER OF THE YOUNGER  
SERVIN,

*As drawn by the Duke de Sully in  
the year 1603.*

HE was a man of genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known; and of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and of a memory so prodigious, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he possessed all parts of philosophy and mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against protestant religion indifferently; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all other languages which are called learned, but also all the living languages; he accented and pronounced them so maturely, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners, both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of those countries, and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully; he was, moreover, the best comedian and the greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius

for poetry and had wrote many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly; he likewise could say mass; for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know, all things: his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous and fit for all exercises; he could ride well, and in dancing wrestling, and leaping he was much admired: there were not any recreative games which he did not know; and he was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts.— But now for the reverse of the medal:—here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, and deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton, a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemist, an atheist: in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honor, religion and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in hand cursing and denying a God.

This wonder, and monster died at 30.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### THEATRICAL.

.....

ON Monday evening was presented, for the second time, the new play of *To Marry, or Not to Marry*. This excellent comedy deserves the highest encomiums. Its plot is deeply interesting, and irresistibly chains the audience to their seats, until the final conclusion of the piece. We observe with more than ordinary pleasure, the rapid advancement of our old friend, Mr. Robertson; too much praise cannot be given him for his performance of *Iversonforth*. His conception of the part was truly correct, and the interview with *Sir Oswin*, where he finds he has his most mortal enemy in his power, yet by the laws of hospitality and "honor," he is bound to protect was depicted in a manner which reflected honor upon the performer; and indeed we are induced to say, that every other competitor fades, and is lost, (with the exception of a single individual) by the side of Mr. R. whose performance of this character was indeed inimitable. The *Sir Oswin Mortland* of Mr. Cooper, was a masterly piece of performance. His easy, unaffected manner produced the happiest effects; and the scenes wherein he reproaches the fair *Hester* with disobedience to the mandates of her guardian, and her vows to her lover, were calculated to enforce

from the audience the smile of approbation, which never ended but in repeated bursts of applause. Mr. Young did considerable justice to *Willowear*, and in many scenes was truly admirable; yet we think he had too much of the fop about him, which rendered him in many instances rather absurd—this fault corrected, we do not hesitate to say, the performance of the part was in every instance within the limits of mediocrity. Mr. Twaits, in *Lord Danberry*, was, as usual, in the highest confidence of the audience, who testified their pleasure by reiterated plaudits. *Amos*, in the hands of Mr. Poe, was indeed thread-bare; at one time we find him using the common negro dialect—at another, the most perfect English pronunciation he is master of. It wants a man that would personate it with energy, but in the hands of this gentleman, it fell far short of the author's intention. We cannot conclude without noticing the lovely, innocent *Hester* of Mrs. Young. She entered well into the character, and exhibited it with many touches of true taste and judgment; and the subsequent part of her performance was admirable, particularly where she so willingly parts with the intended marriage ring. This lady deservedly increases in public favor. The other female characters were supported with their usual degree of good-humour and sound judgment.

THEATRICUS.

## ANECDOTE.

WHILE the system of terror prevailed in France, multiplied acts of oppression fell upon the unfortunate victims of suspicion; yet the more rigorously the dungeons were closed against the relatives and friends of the imprisoned, the more ingenuous and inventive affection became, in finding means of communication.

One of the prisoners in the Luxembourg had a dog, who, it will be seen in the following recital, gave extraordinary proofs of sagacity, as well as of attachment to his master. Every day the dog watched an opportunity to pass into the interior of the prison, and entering the chamber of his master, overwhelmed him with caresses. One day in particular his demonstrations of joy were so reiterated as to become exceedingly troublesome; but the more his master strove to render him quiet, the more importunately the animal persisted in his caresses; he leaped, howled, barked, and bending his head downward, appeared to direct the attention of his master to his collar. Concluding the dog had been wounded by some accident, he then examined him, and being teased by his restlessness, he attempted to put him out of the room. The dog however escaped from his hands, and displayed the same tokens, till his master took off the collar, when the animal again began to bark and to

whine, but no longer with a tone of inquietude. Surprised at the manifest change in the manner of the dog, the prisoner directed his attention to the collar, and found that it held a letter from his wife, who, constantly repulsed at the door of the prison, had found this means of conveying her sentiments to him. He replied by the same courier. A regular correspondence was now carried on, and every day at a certain hour the faithful commissioner of affection passed and repassed with his invisible message.

*Anecdote of the Power of Music.*

THE following anecdote of the efficacy of music I shall transcribe exactly in the words of the author from whom I had it.

"I likewise knew a person of honor at Roan, whose name may be best known by du Parreau, who all her life time did never use the help of any physic, how great soever her infirmities were; but in all her hurt, diseases, childbirth, and lameness, she only desired one who could skilfully play on the tabour and pipe, instead of a physician. Being advanced in age, an extreme pain siezed upon her knee, supposed to be some species of the gout; she caused her tabourer instantly to play her a pleasant and lively coranto. The tabourer striving to exceed himself in art and dexterity, in readi



ness of wind, and agility of hand, fell into a swoon, and so continued for three quarters of an hour: the lady then complained that her pain and affliction was never so extraordinary as in the time of the music's sudden cessation. The musician being recovered, and refreshed with a glass of brisk wine, fell afresh in his former skilful musical playing: and the lady was thereby so eased of her pain, that it utterly left her. I myself was in the chamber when this accident happened, and do avouch, upon my credit, that the gentlewoman thus lived an hundred and six years."

#### SOMETHING CURIOUS.

In the year 1550, an advocate of Paris fell into such a melancholy fit, that he verily believed he was dead. He could not be persuaded otherwise, or to eat or drink, until a kinsman of his, a scholar of Bourges, did eat and drink before him, dressed like a corpse.

There was also at Pauda, a man who thought he was a cock, and would frequently clap his hands together and crow, another thought he was a glass pitcher, and would suffer no one to come near him.—There was likewise a baker at Ferrara, who thought he was composed of butter, and therefore never ventured in the sun, or near a fire, for fear of being melted.

#### ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep, "Go, I say," continued Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

#### A PRUDENT MAGISTRATE.

A vessel arrived at a port in Portugal from Marseilles.—A strict quarantine was imposed on all vessels coming from the Levant, on account of the plague.—The disembargador ordered the ship into quarantine. "But, sir, I came from Marseilles."—"Well, that is in the Levant; you must go into quarantine." "Why, sir, only look at the map. I will show you that it is not." The map was produced; the captain pointed out Marseilles, and then shewed him the Levant. The Judge, placing his thumb on Marseilles, and stretching his fore finger to the Levant, exclaimed, "Poh! poh! they are close together; it is all the same thing; you must perform quarantine."

A whisper can dispel the slumbers of hatred and of love,

On Tuesday evening, July 18, the once celebrated CRAB, who for some years shone a bright luminary of the pugilistic school, paid the debt of nature, after a very short notice, on board a grave-sand boat, on his return to London. This hero was an *elder* of the science; and after the revival of scientific pugilism by the contest of Ryan and Johnson, Humphries and Mendoza, and many other champions of note, was one of the most *dazzling brilliants* in the gymnastic ring, long before the Game Chicken was *hatched* into notice, or the Belchers the Gullies, the Crips, or the Gregsons were so much as heard of.—Wormwood Scrubs, and all the favorite boxing grounds, were often the scenes of his prowess; and the Duke of Hamilton, and all the noble amateurs of the manly art in his day, were frequent witnesses of his achievements. *Tough* as the tree whose name he bore, and *sour* as its fruit to the feelings of his antagonists, he was allowed to be one of the most *troublesome customers* to his rivals in the contest for victory, and to *serve out* his blows with a rapidity, dexterity, and effect, rarely equalled, and seldom excelled, by men of his weight and inches. After years devoted in the pursuit of *pugilistic* glory, he resigned the profession of *knuckles*, and from a man of war, became an *officer of the peace* under the Chief Marshal of London, in which situation he conducted himself for

some time with much propriety, never commencing hostilities, but like a wise *commander*, for the attainment of tranquillity; never wielding the weapons of *war*, but for the maintainance of *peace*. His *quick eye* beamed terror to the light fingered corps, who daily ply about the Bank and Exchange, on the lurk for booty; and his keen scent shrewdly *nosed* the secret haunts of scamps, divers, and house-breakers. But like many a hero before him, "his race was run," and *Death*, the universal victor, who, sooner or later, levels all heroism with the dust—after sparring a few short rounds with poor Crab, in a slight illness, at last put in a *finishing blow*. *Lon. pap.*



#### SINGULAR CONDEMNATION.

A Physician, of the name of Gortz, was publicly executed last month at Berlin. He was a man of extensive practice, and had acquired considerable reputation in his profession, as well as a noble fortune. The circumstances, however, which led to his disgraceful end, are briefly these:—The only daughter of Baron Geoler, of the Prussian Board of Finance, was placed under his care, for the eradication of a scrophulous complaint. His skill soon relieved the young lady; but after a short time, the disorder returned. He then declared to the father, whose confidence he had acquired, that unless



the daughter was more immediately under his eye he could not answer for her complete cure.—The Baron, upon this representation, agreed to her residing some time in the house of Gortz, who was a married man; and in this situation the latter found means to abuse the confidence reposed in him, by seducing the young lady. Dreading the manifestation of his guilt, and sensible that his patient's situation would not admit of much longer concealment, he prescribed a medicine which operated with much violence, and in a few days terminated her existence. Previously to her dissolution, she made known her shame. Gortz was immediately apprehended, and examined—he denied the crime imputed to him, and declared that his prescription was intended to relieve her pain. No evidence could be adduced of his guilt. The deceased did not exhibit any appearance of being poisoned; and the medicine, on being analysed, was found to contain no ingredient of that nature. But several physicians having given their opinion, that they did not think that a man of Gortz's experience could have given the medicine for any other than a malignant purpose, the Judges decided against him.—His family has been banished the Prussian territory.

---

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

A company of young men at Agrigentum, in Sicily, came into

a tavern; where, after they had freely taken their liquor, whether it were the wine itself, or something mixed with it, it is not yet known; but upon a sudden they began to be so troubled in their brains, and their fancies so crazed, that they thought they were in a ship at sea, and ready to be cast away by reason of a tempest; therefore, to avoid shipwreck, and present drowning, they flung all the goods in the house out at the window, into the street, or into the sea, as they supposed. Thus they continued mad a pretty season, and being brought before the magistrates to give an account of this their frolic, they told him (not yet recovered of the madness) that what was done, they did in fear of death, and to avoid imminent danger. The spectators were all amazed at this their stupidity, while one of the company, in a grave tone, excused himself to the magistrates upon his knees, and "assured their deities that he was in the bottom of the ship all the while." Another besought them, as so many sea-gods, "to be kind to them, and if ever he and his companions came safe to land again, he would build an altar to their service." The magistrate could not sufficiently laugh at this their madness, and bid them go home, and sleep it out.

---

Who finds the clearest not clear,  
thinks the darkest not obscure,

He that would pass the latter part of life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old—and remember when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth, he must lay up knowledge for his support when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults, which experience only can correct.

---

### MARRIED,

*On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Neill M. Neill, merchant, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Charlotte M. Gilchrist, eldest daughter of the late Capt. R. B. Gilchrist.*

*On Sunday, by the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Mathew Martin, to Miss Mary Smith, both of this city.*

*On Tuesday, at St. John's Church, by the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Thomas Wickham, merchant, to Miss Cornelia Matilda Rutgers, eldest daughter of the late Anthony A. Rutgers, Esq.*

*On Saturday evening last, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Andrew Calder, to Miss Ann Richardson, both of this city.*

*At Newtown, on Sunday, the 8th inst. by the rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. William A. Page, to Miss Eliza*

*Clarke, daughter of Dr. James Clarke, all of this city.*

*At Norwich, Conn. by the rev. Dr. Strong, Mr. Joshua Lathrop, merchant, of this city, to Miss Rebecca H. Peritt.*

*At Hempstead, Long Island, on Tuesday, the 3rd inst. by the rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Townsend R. Willis, of Cedar-Swamp, to Miss Mary Coles, of Musquito-cove, daughter of Caleb Coles, Esq. all of L. Island.*

*At Trenton, on Thursday, the 28th ult. by the rev. Dr. Armstrong, Dr. James F. Clarke, to Miss Belleville, daughter of Dr. Nicholas Belleville, all of that place.*

*On the 29th ult. by the rev. Mr. Collins, Mr. Jacob Jones, of New-Jersey, to Miss Catharine Evans, of Delaware.*

---

### DIED,

*On Tuesday morning, Mr. William Adams, merchant, of this city, after a long and tedious illness.*

*On Wednesday morning, at Hurl-Gate, L. I. Mrs. Eve Lawrence, aged 60 years, widow of the late Col. Daniel Lawrence.*

.....

*Our City Inspector reports the death of 36 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.*



# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

The elegant simplicity of the following, will prove its best recommendation. I transcribe it from a very old publication for your Miscellany.

Yours, &c.

B. K.

## THE HERMIT BOY.

A Forest's deep gloom was the noiseless retreat

From the follies and vices of life  
Of a sage, whose tir'd heart could in unison beat,

To no joy of the living save fellowship sweet,

With one only companion—his Wife.

Long time had they liv'd in this desolate nook,

Forgotten their woes as a dream ;  
Green herbs were their food and their drink, the clear brook

That by their lone cot its meandering took ;

Their bed was the flag of the stream.

Heaven sent them a Boy, only pledge of their love,

But denied him a mother to know,

'Twas her last fondest wish that her infant might prove,

Seclusion's sure blessings, nor ever remove

To a world of temptation and woe.

Death came, and beneath the tall grass was she laid,

That wav'd by the side of their cot,  
Here the good man his visits at morn & eve paid ;

Her grave with sweet flowers he duly array'd,

And it seem'd to assuage his hard lot.

To his wife's last injunction the father long true,

Each inquisitive sally withstood ;

His son, now a youth, thought no other but two,

Himself and his father, the vital air drew,

And the world was compris'd in a wood.

They rov'd thro' the thickets and glades all the day,

And repos'd when the shadows fell fast ;

E're the sun drank the dew from the glittering spray,

In the early grey dawn they together would stray,

To seek for their blameless repast.

At noon, as it droop'd on the heath that was nigh,

The sage mark'd the violet and said,  
Just so when the sun of prosperity's high,

Does virtue first blossom, then wither and die,

For want of obscurity's shade.

But see, cried the youth, yon grey alder beneath,

One beauteous in hue and in form ;  
Yet it can't be compar'd with the flow'r on the heath,

For it scents not the air with its odorous breath,

Tho' defended from sun shine and storm.

The father stood musing in conscious surpris.

At the lore which simplicity taught ;  
Yet trembled for fear of the doubtful disguise,

Which hides even truth from the ken of the wise,

And puzzles the tremulous thought.

But my boy, still in secret, he cried, will I try

From the waste of existence to save  
Where the phantoms of pleasure dance thick to the eye,

But, the wretch who pursues them, as  
luring they fly,  
Often finds but a treacherous grave.

Still this wide spreading wood shall pro-  
tection afford  
From man, vile associate man !  
Kind nature still cater our homely spread  
board,  
Still for Winter the fruits of rich Au-  
tumn we'll hoard,  
And the brook shall replenish our  
can.

Full oft had the year made the forest  
bough bare,  
When the good man grew faint with  
disease ;

'Twas then first he trusted his son from  
his care,  
Alone through the forest, to find for  
him there,  
Some simples his anguish to ease.

Ah ! luckless the time that all wild with  
dismay,

Thou rovest adven'trous alone ;  
No medicine from youth, did thy sear-  
ches repay,  
That might ease of his anguish thy  
father that day,  
No herb that would soften thine own.

To the forests green verge all unknow-  
ing he came,

Where two females first met his  
young sight ;

Unusual commotion then shot through  
his frame,

He felt a new passion he could not well  
name,

And sigh'd for some unknown delight

They vanish'd, and back to his far dis-  
tant home,

He wander'd in pensive surmise ;

The herbs from his scrip to his father  
were shewn,

But oh ! cried the youth, as he fetch'd  
a deep groan,

What vision has dazzled my eyes ?

Some vision I fear, Son, that bodes thee  
no good !

But prithee the wonder declare ;  
Two lovely white forms pass'd the tree  
where I stood,

And glided so softly away in the wood,  
They seem'd to dissolve in the air.

Ah ! talk not so fondly of what thou  
hast seen,

They are fairies that haunt the wood  
side !

Ah ! shun them as serpents that coil on  
the green,

Or they'll wound thee with arrows tor-  
menting and keen,

Then sorely thy sufferings deride.

Dear youth ! thou hast seen me all sor-  
rowful steal

To the hillock beside our low cot ;

My days are departing too truly I feel !  
Thy kindness avails not—thy herbs will

not heal,

O ! lay me to rest in that spot.

But remember my counsel when silent  
and low,

All remembrance of me may subside ;

Oh never, no never beyond the wood go,  
And shun as thou shunest thy bitter-  
est foe,

The Fairies that haunt the wood side

He died, and was buried the green hil-  
lock nigh,

That rose by the side of the cot ;

Then the youth for some unknown de-  
light heav'd a sigh,

The forests wild beauties no more pleas-  
'd his eye,

And the counsel of age was forgot.

This said, the next morn he arose with  
the day,

To seek where the vision he spy'd ;

No more in these desarts, he cry'd, will  
I stay,

But will seek at all risks tho' my father  
said nay,

The fairies that haunt the wood side.